

## Dogs of war

by Sophia Hoeben

No longer a 'service' (to the people), but a 'force' (against the people), the boys in blue surely made their presence felt this Mardi Grass. In tight groups of eight or more, they roamed the streets of Nimbin like packs of hunting dogs, sniffing out the 'evil weed' in this new era of Marijuana Madness Mania. It was farcical watching them march up and down on one 'mission' or another, all attired in their bully's uniforms and bedecked with clubs and guns.... intimidation is easy when you're armed to the hilt and amongst other thugs just itching for trouble.

To our collective credit though, all remained peaceful throughout the Mardi Grass weekend, despite naked provocation on the part of the police. What could have been a bloody riot outside the Rainbow café on the Saturday was pacified non-violently by the energy of the people and J.B.'s eloquence and passion. The tension had risen when police ordered people not to film them. Slightly hypocritical, when a group of ten 'storm-troopers' (as one Nimbin shopkeeper aptly described them), walked around on Sunday filming everyone, local and tourist alike. Oh, that's not to mention the cameras that continue to watch our every move.

As I spent the entire weekend

in Nimbin, it seemed natural to begin counting the numbers of police passing by in squads, on a horse, or standing around in bored looking groups. After all there seemed little else to do. The atmosphere of uncertainty and tension had killed off any thought of having spontaneous fun within me. There was no ignoring them, they were everywhere and literally terrorising people out of the spirit of the Mardi Grass. There were however, the wrong laws and unacceptable demands from the police to ignore.

So, with my trusty little Kodak in hand, I set off on a photographic expedition towards Cecil Street, where the March was about to begin. As the drums beat up the energy, five mounted police backed up their horses to form a perfect alignment directly opposite the police station, an irresistible first shot!

I snuck up fairly close and took the shot, then darted off across the road to snap the twenty or more boys, looking ready for a riot, outside the police station. After the third snapshot, I knew I'd been spotted when one of them went from staring my way to walking towards me. I disappeared into the crowd, then hid out in the Organic Shop, where the hugs, if not the vegies come free.

It was little while later, when I was crossing the road and saw the same cop pointing me out to another, that my thoughts turned to having a nice cuppa tea with Katie at the Aquarius Foundation.

As I met up with friends throughout the weekend, I learnt about some of the ridiculous charges the police were dealing out.



Someone was actually nabbed for saying "Bum Wipe" to a passing mounted policewoman and someone else for having a pocket knife... in the glove box of his car! 'Daddy Cool' tells me he was enjoying lunch at the markets with friends, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by armed men looking over their shoulders at what was lying on the table. That would give anyone indigestion! He said it had reminded him of his time in East Germany before the wall came down. And then of course, there was Rusty, arrested for doing a cartwheel and accidentally knocking off a policewoman's hat in the process. He was pounced on by four of the heavies and led away protesting his innocence.

In the aftermath of the invasion and prior three week long

occupation of our town, the effects are still being felt. People tell me they're suffering from some sort of weird battle fatigue, where they still see blue uniforms all over the place. One café worker reported since the Mardi Grass, she's developed a nervous sensitivity to baseball caps!

I sensed throughout the whole weekend, that not only I but many people were pretending to be unaffected by the police occupation of our town. While I agree giving them no energy is giving them no power, it is usually later with some surprise that you realise they did have an effect. After all

we're mostly gentle folks around the sticks of Nimbin, with a population largely comprising of gardeners, builders, healers, musicians and artists of all sorts. There are also a few unsavoury characters, as there are in any community, but not so many they warranted such a large police presence.

So why the need for such a show of force in our little village? Apart from people who may have pecuniary interests in a sanitised version of Nimbin, or those simply bone ignorant of police strategies and current world politics, who else wanted them? For those people who think the police did a good job, would one of you please tell me exactly what that job was?

Supt., Lyings....sorry, Lyons, said he'd acted upon unconfirmed 'Intelligence' that police would be

targeted at the Mardi Grass and promptly sent in an army of police. Not very intelligent really. A low-key response would have been more appropriate, but then I'm not a Superintendent of Police.

The weekend left me wanting to know the genuine statistics regarding exactly how many police were employed over the four week long occupation and more importantly how much money the fiasco cost the taxpayer this time. So, on Monday I contacted an old friend Ian Cohen of the Greens and asked if he could seek out the information. After a referral to Lee Rhiannon, the word came back that the information would not be available till after June, by which time I'm sure they hope we've forgotten all about it.

In a return phone call, Ian Cohen gave me the following position statement:

The overkill of police during Mardi Grass could have long-term ramifications in the entire Nimbin area. Tourism and local business may well suffer the consequences of a knee-jerk reaction from a government more interested in gaining the law and order vote than maintaining an attitude of accepting cultural diversity. Repression and prohibition do not resolve any issues relating to the use of marijuana. The biggest substance abuse the community has to deal with, is the abuse of alcohol and tobacco. Would the Iemma government prefer to try and control a Beerfest of the same magnitude as the Mardi Grass?

## Caution, my holy arse

by The Goddess

Right from the onset there was a different tempo to Mardi Grass this year. Michael asked me, me being deity to the Church of the Holy Smoke, to fix the weather and sniff the wind a day or two before the show. You know what I mean, peer into the future, read the tea leaves, that sort of thing, and it was as well I did or we might have been caught unaware of the forces massing against our uppity village.

Truth is it didn't take much clairvoyance, all I had to do was wander up to the street and ask one of the dozen or so cops who'd been blighting our village what the fuck were they planning for our MG?

The young officer I asked grinned like a fox eating shit from a wire brush when he

answered. He said they were expecting a riot and that they'd come armed for war. He was grinning but he wasn't joking, they'd called in the riot squad. But not only the riot squad, they'd also brought in the cavalry, the attack dogs and the heavy artillery as well; they'd trucked in the water cannon.

Why the water cannon? Did they think hippies were scared of water? Did they think we were English? Or was it just a precautionary measure to quench our smoking joints? I might be omniscient but I couldn't figure this one. Why the overkill? Why send Rambo in after Bambi?

It wouldn't be the first time I've been accused of being a conspiracy theorist but my accusers are wrong; it's not a theory. Power always weakens its opponents and power always corrupts. Ask George Bush, because, make no

mistake; in a world where everything lays within six degrees of separation, it was Bush who ordered the crushing of our MG.

We often forget the fact but Mardi Grass is unique. On our sad and sorry little planet there is only one public celebration dedicated to pot. There is only one annual event where the stupid



drug laws are called into question. So raise your glasses high my friends, that event is our Mardi Grass. But inevitably the malignant, all-seeing Eye of Mordor had to glance our way, as happened this year.

Cheney and Rumsfeld, representing the

arms and chemical conglomerates poked their hands up George's bottom and, muppet like, made the idiot's mouth move. George, with contemptuous familiarity, parted honest John's pink cheeks and pressed on till he grasped the Australian leaders tonsils. John did the same for his toady, Thomas George. Thom parted Bluey's dags, who apart from a pain in the arse which made him grumpy, also received a blank cheque to spend on hippy bashing. That, simplified, is how we got Rambo, the artillery, the attack dogs and the baton-charging cavalry. Not even six degrees of separation, just a powerful, closely linked conspiracy with our MG in the cross hairs.

But it wasn't enough. They spent four million dollars on operation 'Crush Mardi Grass' but, just like Iraq, it was wasted dough, we pulled it off anyway. Let me tell you how.

8.15 am, Friday. Two bearded Bambis, camouflaged as cops, take out the street cameras with paintball guns.

• continued p12

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# Bask in the positivity

by Binnah Powell

Despite the presence of the law and attempted oppression of our free expression in this democratic land of the free, this years MardiGrass was the best yet.

The pressure of the police presence seemed to extract the essence of our community spirit.

In fact, the longer the police walked the streets, the less hardcore they were as we wore them down with our community vibe. The longer they were there, the more they realised they were not needed, as the Jungle Patrol and JB did them out of their jobs as things were handled 'in house'.

It really was impressive to see the people of the town pull together against this perceived oppression.

After the bashing we have received over the years by all the extremist straights out there and fanned on by the press, we really must bask in the knowledge now that – we are in many proven ways a functioning community that supports each other when needed. Let us take all the credit and bask in it for a while and acknowledge that this town can work together like one big extended family like no other town in Australia.

The blue uniforms that walked town with contempt at the start of their mini-invasion a few weeks before MardiGrass turned into human dudes (some of them) by the end of the MardiGrass just because they realised that we were just humans too. They saw us looking after each other and were impressed by it.

Another thing we can be



proud of is our music. It really was a musical Mardigrass this year - and the locals really shone. We've played together for years now and it really shows – right down to street jam level. From Mahmood's at the e-Bar down to Andrew and Teena's at the Oasis it was cranking. The chalk stage at the Market site was awesome and the thumping Reggae at the back of the Museum was also great.

Cherokee Elder Grandmother Paris'ha gave a talk in Birth and Beyond

over the Easter weekend recently (she will be returning here in the not too distant future) and spent a short time touring the street and was impressed by the vibe.

Someone said to her words to the effect of "...yeah but you should try living here..." and her reply was that her feeling was that we had the foundation of a good working community – especially in comparison to 'the outside world' that appears to be



'eating itself'.

The facts are now clear. We really are doing a good job at being a living, breathing community that does its best to solve problems that arise from within the family, in the family.

Credit to all those who got it together and held the energy well. Best Mardigrass yet....the Musical Mardigrass. Take the time to bask in the light of positivity, Nimbin.

## A yawn for kids



by Zac MacDonald

The MardiGrass was not as good this year as it was last year because there was nothing for young people to do. The whole weekend was pretty boring for Rimba and me. We just sat outside Rainbow Lane all Saturday watching the cars and people. I saw lots of tourists, lots of police, lots of cars and lots of hippies.

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# The sleep of reason produces monsters

by Majika

Nimbin's 14th Mardi Grass will probably be better known as 'Nazi Grass' due to an overbearing Police presence, leading up to and during the festival/rally weekend.

At least it was not another 'Muddy Grass'. The weather was just perfect and the vibe sublime – most growers had a successful year without too much harassment from overzealous PolAir choppers or inclement weather. Harvests were brought in and all looked to celebrating (in a somewhat pagan-like manner) the abundance, and to give thanks.

That's what Mardi Grass is all about: cannabis reform. The police presence did not harass those people who were walking around, eyeballs spinning, totally out of it on Ecstasy, Speed, Acid or whatever. Nooo, only those poor unsuspecting hippies who should have, by rights, been allowed to imbibe a little marijuana in respect of the fact that our festival celebrates this 'drug' as beneficial both medicinally, spiritually and environmentally. People have always grown and celebrated marijuana, despite the social taboos, because they truly believe that the Law is the Crime. The only way that marijuana can separate itself from the fast, nasty drugs is for it to be decriminalised (at the least) to make the distinction between it and amphetamines, heroin and others.

'Hippies' champion cannabis because we truly believe it would benefit society more to stop wasting resources policing and penalising marijuana growers and smokers. There is no such morality amongst the dealers of other drugs, who only seek to profit from others.

That's the bind - by persecuting the more natural but overt ganga smokers, the lack of focus allows the insidious, odourless and



compact drugs to flourish.

Persecuting marijuana is not the quick fix that society is seeking. The manner in which the tactical response team behaved on the street varied greatly to the official line given to the media. We were all good hippies and all met the police's steely gaze with courtesy and friendliness – exactly what they are not trained to respond to! How cool to present a smooth surface for all that expensive training to slide off. There was obviously no element of kindness or tolerance or diplomacy training given to these young officers.

The National Cannabis Strategy will manipulate the masses into thinking that cannabis use will be eradicated by more aggressive policing and penalties. This will only serve to widen the distinction between mainstream social values and the alternative lifestyle that hippies seek.

Pivotal to this ethic is the meaning and purpose of developing a personal belief system that is a natural part of our journey to wholeness. This is indeed the time to listen to marijuana smokers.



They are the 'little' heroes who no longer look for validation within a society manipulated by the mass media gloss, political hype and corporate greed.

If ever there was a cultural cringe it is in the inability of our society to accept and incorporate all of the diverse elements within it. Collectively people come together at Mardi Grass to bring enlightenment and hope to the masses. It should be a time of great solidarity, joy and harmony. Not fear and trepidation as sadly was the case for many this year. The challenge now is to harness the energy of the polarisation of cannabis and the law. We await the time when it is possible for the opposing viewpoints to negotiate...

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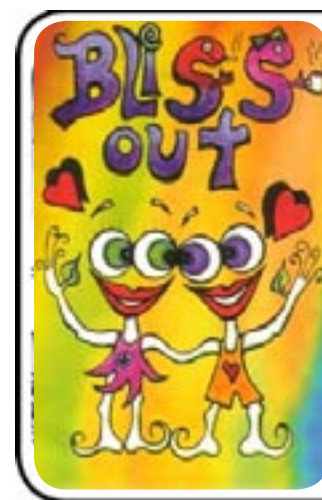


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# MardiGrass 2006 wrap-up



## Caution, my holy arse

8.22 am. Blinded, Thomas George panics and rings Bluey, disguising his voice as a Lebanese hippy terrorist and threatens to kill the cavalry horses with rat poison in their chaff bags.

8.35 am. Thomas George calls again, this time disguising his voice as a pregnant Irish hippy and tells Bluey she's going to bomb the Nimbin police station.

8.40 am. Bluey freaks. (Took him five minutes to realise he was in the Nimbin police station.) Until this time commander Bluey's only intelligence had been from this GoodTimes gossip sheet but now he's receiving hard intelligence from real terrorists, with real terrorist accents.

9.30 am. the town is locked down. Roadblocks are set up at Goolmangar and Uki so only people approaching from the Channon can get through unsearched. Hundreds are arrested and more turned back. Thousands don't even leave home. Wussy bloody Bambis.

10.45 am. Crisis meeting called in Hemp Embassy war room. Lemon juice distributed to counter imminent tear gas attack. Joints smoked to ward off pain of imminent baton charge. Widespread panic. More joints smoked. Calm but confused air permeates bunker.

11.15 am. MG organising committee initiate MG proceedings after replacing illegal substance for joint rolling contests with coltsfoot and damiana.

For the rest of Friday Bambis trickle in cross-country while pot is smuggled into town via the secret drug tunnel. Riot squad tightens grip on perimeter as artillery is emplaced in Lismore. (I think they put the cannon in Lismore in case we

broke out and attacked the provincial capital, after all how bad would it have looked if we'd taken Lismore as well as Nimbin?) And so it wore on with the Rambos advancing and the Bambis retreating to fall back positions while Thomas called in terrorist threats in different voices to keep the evil brew bubbling.

By Saturday evening it was an indecisive stalemate with the Rambos winning some of the events and the Bambies taking others. Gary a local plumber won the bong throw but Bonkers, an undercover police agent, took out the Iron Man event even though he didn't show to claim the medal. Bob the (joint) builder won the creative joint roll while Smerf took out all the speed rolling events. Somewhere along the line damiana was substituted for coltsfoot and as everyone knows damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac. Post competition celebrations, by all accounts, got pretty messy.

But the big event, the Cannabis Cup, was the one the Rambos really wanted and it was the one we couldn't let them have. We won it like this.

6.15 pm. Gail leads the winners of the cup raffle, the judges of the cup, Indian file through the crowded village and onto Gearhart's green bus to be taken to a secret location somewhere in the hills where the cup will be held. Among the raffle winners are two undercover cops and a lunatic who talked into his lapel, just like the undercovers. The bus was then driven about the countryside for the next three hours. It was a false bus.

6.30 pm. The real raffle winners are quietly mustered and ushered from the Embassy cellars and up onto the village rooftops where the real competition is to be held. By moonlight and candlelight the judges touched and smelt and smoked as the mounted Rambos clipped and clopped down below.

And it wasn't only the judges up there on the village roofs and awnings, far from it. Big Matty, Sue and Shantico were there with a picnic hamper and thermoses of coffee and tea. The two Bobs, our town's media magnates, were there also and inhaling lustily. Woody, the Grecian love God, laid down the strict laws of competition in whispered tones, even telling me to stop giggling or at least to do it quietly. Lindsey our accountant, unnamed lawyers, principals and teachers of our children (unnamed for obvious reasons) were present as were national and international media. In fact there were so many people up there I had my doubts about the integrity of the unlevel playing field we were sitting on.

But my doubts were misplaced and the awnings held as the competition smoked itself to a standstill. The upshot was that Garry, the king of cannabis for the last three years, was overthrown by the Mullaway boys who took out both winning

entries. Gary went down fighting with two equal seconds.

The king is dead, long live the kings.

I had to stop Gary from casting himself down from the rooftop but he got over it after a joint or two of his own fine weed and said he'd be back next year to retake what was rightfully his.

After disposing of the evidence by fire we made our way back down and dispersed like mist in the morning into the thronging crowd and the Rambos didn't even know we'd been and gone.

With the Cannabis Cup, the holy grail of policing, once again beyond their reach, the cops played on but the heart was gone from them, their little ears drooped and their noses became dry and warm. By the time of the rally on Sunday afternoon the Rambo's were dispirited to the point that the pregnant ganja fairy queen leading the rally pushed them back effortlessly, it was a rout. We made our way down to Peace Park triumphantly unopposed where wise words were spoken by Steve Bolt and Rusty and Lisa Yates and Michael the mayor.

Sure we took our losses, Rusty got tricked into accidentally assaulting a Rambo and Rock was refused arrest by several officers who said he'd been arrested too many times already and to stop making a pig of himself. Pot calling the kettle black there I thought. And that's not to mention the fifty or so martyrs taken out on the way to and from the village. But, on balance, the Mardi Grass cost the Embassy about \$25,000 while the cops spent \$4 million and lost the cup anyway. Of the fifty people busted for pot in the village, all had to be released back into the wild with a caution. Seven thousand new members joined the Church, two babies were christened into the faith and a couple were wed by the powers vested in me. Congratulations Rainer and Seti.

Which brings us to now, a few weeks post MG. The Rambos are gone but we, the Bambis, are still here, the world has returned to its customary insanity and the tourists are back down the lane buying good bush weed from the lane boys. The lane boys seem happy, fresh and rested back from their holidays in Cronulla and Palm Island where, they tell me, you couldn't find a cop if you dialled 000.

With the Rambos' beaten back and the village once again ours it is probably time to move our protest one step up the line of conspiracy, it's time to take it to weaselly Thomas George in his Lismore office. But it's also nearly census time when we can make our point by claiming our religion as Holy Smoker and our church as Church of the Holy Smoke. Tell your friends; after dealing with the Rambos it's time for storming heaven. See you at the gates.

Keep the faith.

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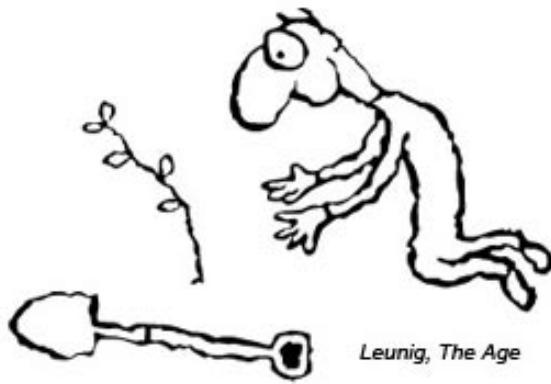
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# Tree planters seek one million trees for the Big Scrub



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Launching their “Plant a Tree” Project on 25th May Rainforest Rescue announced their aim to plant one million trees to help restore the Big Scrub rainforest of northern NSW. Formerly the largest subtropical rainforest in Australia, extending from Byron Bay to Ballina and Lismore and covering 75,000 hectares, less than 1% of the Big Scrub remains today. Yet the remnants contain more plant and animal species than any other ecosystem in New South

Wales including fifty species threatened with extinction. “That’s why we need at least one million more rainforest trees in the Big Scrub,” said Kelvin Davies, Executive Officer of Rainforest Rescue. “We’re calling on people from all over Australia and the world to “Plant a Tree”.

“Rainforest Rescue is all about providing opportunities for individuals and businesses to make a difference to rainforest

conservation” said Kelvin. So each individual tree will be planted in the name of its sponsor, be it a business or an individual. Special Plant a Tree Gift Cards commemorate your sponsorship

Mr. George Lewin planted the first tree and a plaque was unveiled.

Thanks to the support of Southern Cross Credit Union the project is off to a good start with

of each tree planted. You can be in Alaska or Timbuktu and be a tree planter too. The Plant a Tree Gift Cards can be ordered from the Rainforest Rescue web site [www.rainforestrescue.org.au](http://www.rainforestrescue.org.au) or by calling 1300 763 611.

To commemorate the launch of the Plant a Tree Project Rainforest Rescue’s Patron

300 trees also planted. “We’re delighted to be planting these trees on behalf of our members. Not only will it help restore the rainforest it will also help reduce the greenhouse effect and climate change”. Said Lyndie Dennehy of the Southern Cross Credit Union.

Rainforests contain more species of plants and animals than any other ecosystem in Australia. Sadly 75% of Australia’s rainforests have been cleared for agriculture and development. Planting rainforest trees will help to restore these rainforests and protect the many threatened species of plants and animals that live there.

Rainforest Rescue is a not for profit organisation committed to saving our rainforests for current and future generations. For more information visit their web site [www.rainforestrescue.org.au](http://www.rainforestrescue.org.au) or phone 1300 763 611.

## Environment News From Around the World

Compiled by Sue Stock

Firstly, for those of us who had been incensed about the proposed sell-off of the Snowy, have a look at what happens to water in the US...

### The Vandals Took the Handles

*Water privatization brings a flood of problems in U.S. cities*

As of 2003, some 1,100 U.S. municipalities had privatized their drinking-water systems, hoping that mismanaged public systems could be made higher quality at relatively low cost. So much for that idea. Private firms in cities across the country have been investigated for illegally discharging sewage into rivers, shirking on maintenance, and failing to disclose high levels of toxics in drinking water. Shady business abounds: as a convicted Cleveland, Ohio, water broker said in a wiretapped conversation, “Ninety percent of getting public contracts required greasing the palms of public officials.” Low cost



isn’t guaranteed either: after the water of Chualar, Calif., was privatized, some residents’ water bills leapt from \$21 a month to over \$500. Residents of some cities have launched takeover campaigns in response to proposed private-company rate increases, declaring that water should not be a commodity. Says one citizen lawyer: “We are on the front line of a global issue.”

And eco-friendly villages in Britain...

### The Wrong Side of the BedZed

*Problems in one green community won't keep U.K. from building more*

Four years ago, a housing complex called BedZed opened in south London

with the ambitious goal of running entirely on renewable energy. Well, things haven’t gone quite as planned. BedZed’s biomass-fueled electric system was unreliable, forcing it to go on the national energy grid. Its natural sewage-recycling system, out of commission for seven months, has not been replaced because of expense. But even so, residents are living the good green life: well-insulated buildings, solar panels, and a wind-driven ventilation system lower electricity usage, and community gardens and a car-sharing club sweeten the deal. “The social side is almost the best bit,” says one resident. BedZed’s problems aren’t deterring Britain from planning additional low-carbon villages and a

10,000-home eco-friendly town. “This is not about symbolic gestures,” says a deputy at the Department for Communities and Local Government. “It is about serious long-term plans to substantially change the way we build and develop.”

### The Tropic of Cancerous Growth

*Warming atmosphere is expanding the tropics, study finds*

The globe’s tropics are expanding -- and if you’re thinking coconuts and palm trees, don’t.

Think deserts and drought. According to a new study in Science, satellite measurements show that the lowest level of the atmosphere in torrid subtropical regions on either side of the equator is heating up, and has pushed the northern and southern jet streams each some 70 miles closer to the poles since 1979. A continuation of the trend could deprive southern Europe of winter precipitation, expand deserts of the American Southwest, and nudge the Sahara Desert north, perhaps by hundreds of miles. “This may be a totally new aspect

of climate change,” says study coauthor Thomas Reichler. The study authors conclude, “Regardless of the cause, the poleward shift of the jet streams and the associated subtropical dry zone, if it continues, could have important societal implications.” Indeed.

### A Random Act of Mindfulness

*Random House to bump up use of recycled paper*

For you fogies who still read books made of ... what do they call it? ... “paper,” here’s some good news: Leading U.S. publishing company Random House announced this week that it plans to increase the recycled-paper content of its books to 30 percent by 2010. It’s

an ambitious goal, as only about 3 percent of paper currently used in Random House books is recycled. The average recycled-paper content in the biz is about 5 percent. Random House, which buys about 120,000 tons of paper each year for book production, claims that 550,000 trees a year will be saved when it reaches its goal. The initiative will be a “multimillion-dollar investment,” but the company doesn’t plan to raise book prices. Said Tyson Miller of recycled-paper pushers Green Press Initiative: “What they’re doing is phenomenal.”

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# ASTROLOGICAL TRENDS FOR JUNE 2006



by Bev Murray - Insight Astrology

## BIRTHDAY – Gemini

*These individuals are adaptable and versatile with a love of travel, both of the mind and body! They can be nervous and tense and at times inconsistent. In partnership they desire a lively and intellectual partner with whom they can share sporting and cultural activities!*

*Give them: A Magazine subscription, a personal diary, a mobile phone or a massage!*

## What June holds...

### Gemini

This month can be filled a number of irritating delays and patience will be called for! Those working in the area of communication, particularly writing will experience some excellent job opportunities! The full moon on the 12th is full of promise but over sensitivity can be a problem.

### Cancer

Your intuition is even stronger than usual this month so be sure to pay attention! Money will certainly be incoming but the outgoing will be equally as fast! Don't expect too much on this front! The Sun enters Cancer on the 21st and brings with it new responsibilities.

### Leo

The social arena is picking up and there is a lot of activity this month! Beware of lovers' quarrels or parent-child issues though, you would benefit from keeping quiet some of the time! The 4th and 5th are particularly volatile days so keep low!!

### Virgo

Indecision can be a problem this month....this can especially effect the area of finances. Try to be more focused. Family dynamics can be a little tense too. perhaps this is a good opportunity to take a short break! The 10th and 11th are your best days.

### Libra

Money is a big issue during June! Thinking laterally can be your biggest asset. Success at work will come from giving a hundred percent of yourself! Be prepared for demanding and irritating people to come into your life this month, hold your ground!

### Scorpio

Charisma always a good asset for Scorpio's is available tenfold this month. Be sure to use it wisely! Any attempt at postponing the obligations in your life will be disastrous so get in there and deal!! The 26th-28th can be a tad confusing.

### Sagittarius

You can toward argumentative this month so try to breathe well and count to ten if you can! The trick is to let go and things will fall into place. The more you push, the more difficult it gets. The 18th, 19th and 23rd are particularly tricky days, beware!

### Capricorn

Money is looking good. Romance is looking spectacular. Work is very busy. A pretty good month by Capricornian terms I'd say! The New Moon late in the month begins a new and lovely phase for relationships and family!

### Aquarius

Money will come and go with equal speed this month. Think twice before any big purchases are made! June 19th will require sensitivity and care. Conflicts and differing opinions can cause all sorts of troubles for you! Try to take a back seat.

### Pisces

Your intuition is spot on this month so keep in touch with your inner voice! Romance is highlighted nicely, especially in the early part of the month. The Full Moon is also a Water grand Trine, making you highly emotional and very creative.

### Aries

A tendency to over-reaction early on in the Month can cause some friction. Try to take things in your stride! The New moon on the 26th brings the focus onto family and home issues.

### Taurus

Once again financial issues seem to be the main concern. Others are willing to help and re-arranging a long-term plan will be beneficial. From 13th-25th sign documents with care!

# The tree change coming to Nimbin

by David McMinn

Mark Phillips ran an article on Daylesford and how it was determined to maintain its appeal (*Aust Fin Review*. p20 April 13-17, 2006). The town of 5500 people is located in Central Victoria and is a convenient 80 minutes drive from Melbourne. There has been an influx of city people, with real estate prices increasing by 12% a year over the past decade. However, Daylesford is having problems with its growing pains and its approach to this issue could act as a possible guide for Nimbin.

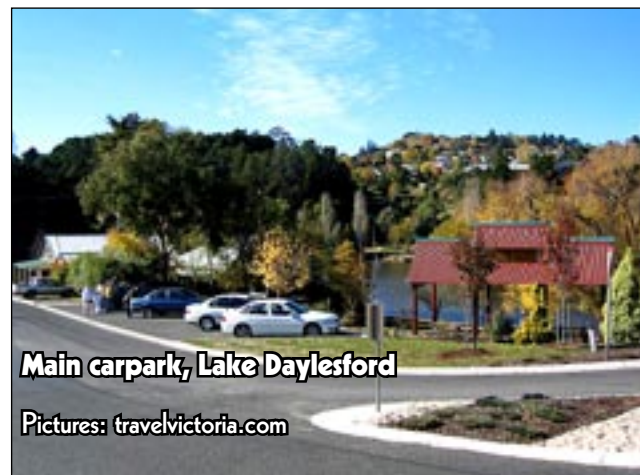
According to the Hepburn Shire chief executive, Victor Szwed, "There is a healthy rate of development occurring, but it is small scale stuff, not more than two storey. The great thing is that most people who've come here have come for the quality of lifestyle and also the character of the area, and the vast majority want to protect that and respect it. But occasionally we come up against greedy developers who put that character at risk and we're prepared to fight that". Fortunately the Hepburn Shire Council is determined that there will be no big super market or 'Gold Coast style' developments and the character of the 1850's gold town will be preserved. I do not know how sympathetically the Lismore City Council will be to block such developments in Nimbin and preserve the unique character of our village. The smell of money and higher rate income will probably be too enticing.

About 70% of Daylesford house sales made by Paul Clempson, a local real estate agent, were to people relocating from Melbourne. He commented that the new comers were "self employed: they're consultants who can work away from the CBD in their own environment or they're writers or artists..... broadband has made it significantly more feasible".

New comers into the



View south along Vincent Street, Daylesford.



Main carpark, Lake Daylesford

Pictures: [travelvictoria.com](http://travelvictoria.com)

Nimbin area will increasingly be self employed, retirees or working in Lismore. People on low incomes will find it difficult to move in because of the high real estate prices, high rents and high council rates. Daylesford has about 10% of its employed people working from home (excludes people working in the rural sector).

The comparable figure for Nimbin is unknown, but it could be similar as there are many highly creative people in the area. It would be more a question whether they are making a living from what they are creating and therefore could be classified as 'employed'.

Many more people will be relocating into the Nimbin valley. The coast is now so expensive and is becoming over developed for people wanting to get away from the city rat race. Why move from suburban Sydney to suburban Ballina or suburban Byron Bay? You will still have the same problems - traffic, noise, people, pollution, etc etc.

A few more cyclones down the coast will also make the inland seem a much better

option. Nimbin is an ideal target for baby boomers - a nice new hospital (something aging boomers love - pity about the scarcity of doctors), spectacular scenery, interesting cultural life, cafe society, wonderful nature, etc etc.

The only factors keeping down the real estate prices to date are the confronting street scene and Nimbin's druggy reputation. This is changing and a growing population will create development problems.

Hopefully, the locals will be proactive and preserve the better side of Nimbin culture and character, as it is unique and amazing. Much will also depend upon the stance taken by the Lismore City Council.

Alan Stokes of the National Sea Change Task Force commented that "the tree change brings challenges in demands placed on the local community, loss of character and real estate prices that the locals no longer can meet". This is Nimbin's future - how well it will be handled remains to be seen.

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